

The Adams Sentinel.

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ROBERT G. HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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"RESIST WITH CARE THE SPIRIT OF INNOVATION UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF YOUR GOVERNMENT. HOWEVER SPECIOUS THE PRETEXT."—Washington.

VOL. LV.

NO. 5.

Choice Poetry.

"ONLY WAITING."

As a very aged man in an almshouse was asked what he was doing? He replied, "ONLY WAITING."
Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the plummer
Of the day's last beam is down;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart, one full of day;
Till the stars of Heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and grey.
Only waiting till the repast
Have the last sheep gathered home,
For the summer that is faded,
And the autumn winds have come;
Quickly, reader! gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.
Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor and desolate
Even now I hear their footsteps
And their voices as they say:
If they call me I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.
Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the plummer
Of the day's last beam is down;
Then from out the gathering darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall fly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

SONG.

*Tis not when the eve is brightened,
Tis not when the sun is highest,
Tis not when the step is deepest,
And the mirthful laugh is sweetest,
That you may
Assure me,
There is naught of sorrow.*

*Trust not to the outward seeming,
To the eye so briefly beam'd,
To that laugh whose joyous ringing
Seems from mirth's own fountain upspringing:*

*Then shouldst thou,
Reckon me
Joy's garb oft doth borrow.*

*Something in that foolish gladness
Tells of deeply-hidden sadness;
I have seen the tearstain'd cheek,
More than once, these eyes' wild flashing;*

*Though her smile
Seems the while
Joy's bright semblance wearing.*

*Mark you how you quenched blossom
To the sun-ray ope its boun'!—
Cant that think it beauty wasting,
At its core a worm lies festing?*

*Surely not!
Yet her lot
Is like that frail blossom.*

*Deep in gloom ascending,
Grief's own canker she is biling,
With the sorrows that distract her,
With the lone thoughts that opp're her:*

*Every ill
Waiting still
Neath hidden smiling.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Winter of the Heart.

*Let it never come upon you. Live so
that the good angels may protect you from
this terrible evil—the winter of the heart.*

*Let no freezing influences freeze up the
fountains of sympathy and happiness in its
depth; no cold burden settle over its with-
hopes, like snow on the faded flower; no
rude blasts of discontent moan and shriek
through its desolate chambers.*

*Your life-path may lead you amid trials,
which for a time seem utterly to impede
your progress, and shut out the light of
heaven from your anxious gaze.*

*Penury may take the place of ease and
plenty; your luxurious home may be ex-
changed for a single, lonely room—the soft
couch for the straw-pallet—the rich viands
for the coarse food of the poor. Summer
friends may forsake you, and the unprincipled
world pass you by with scarcely a look or
word of compassion.*

*You may be forced to toil wearily, steadily
on, to earn a livelihood; you may encounter
fraud and the base avarice which would ex-
hort to the last farthing, till you will night
turn in disgust from your fellow beings.*

*Death may sever the dearest ties that
bind you to earth, and leave you in fearful
darkness. That noble, manly heart, the sole
hope of your declining years, may be taken
from you, while your spirit clings to him,
with a wild tenacity, which even the shade
of the tomb cannot wholly subdue.*

*But amid all these sorrows, do not come
to the conclusion that nobody was ever so
deeply afflicted as you are, and abandon
every sweet anticipation of "better days" in
the unknown future.*

*Do not lose your faith in human excellence
because your confidence has sometimes been
betrayed, nor believe that friendship is only
a delusion, and love a bright phantom which
mists away from your grasp.*

*Do not think you are fated to be miser-
able because you are disappointed in
your expectations, and baffled in your pur-
suits. Do not declare that God has forsak-
en you, when your way is hedged about
with thorns, or repine sinfully when he
calls your dear ones to the land beyond the
grave.*

*Keep a holy trust in heaven, through e-
very trial, bear adversity with fortitude, and
look upward in hours of temptation and suf-
fering. When your locks are white, your
eyes dim, and your limbs weary; when
your steps falter on the verge of Death's
gloomy vale, still retain the freshness and
the buoyancy of spirit, which will shield
you from the winter of the heart.*

*Jump out of bed the moment you
hear the knock at the door. The man who
hesitates when called is lost. The mind
should be made up in a minute, for early
rising is one of those subjects that admit no
turning over.*

*Yes," said F., "for I throw your pre-
scription out of a three story window."*

Autumnal Days.

*From the Albany Register, Nov. 6.
Being Out—A Right-Hander Badly In-
vested.*

*"Thank you, I don't care if I do," said a
fast young man, with a large pressed brick
in his hand, as he surged up to the Indian
that stands in front of Van Cut's tobacco store
in Broadway with a bunch of east-iron cigars
in his hand. "If I take one; I smoke
sometimes," and he reached out to take the
proffered weed, but the Indian wouldn't
give it up. He hung on to the cigars like
a man dead, "Look here, old copperhead,"
said the fast young man, "none of that, no
tricks upon travellers, or there'll be a muss,
you and I'll fall out, somebody'll get a
punch in the head." The Indian never
said a word, but held on to the east-iron
cigars. He was calm, dignified, unmoved,
as an Indian should be, looking his as-
sault straight in the face, and no muscle moving
sing hair. "Yes! yes! Look at me,
old feather-head—I'm one of 'em, I'm
around, I'm full weight, potato measured
heaped up," and he placed himself in a
position, threw back his coat, and squared
off for a fight. All the time the Indian
said never a word, looked without the least
alarm unwinkingly straight into the face of
the fast young man, still holding out the
cigars in a mighty friendly sort of way.—
The young man was plucky, and just in a
condition to resent any sort of insult, or no
sort of insult, at all. He was ready to "go in,"
but the calmness and imperturbability of
the Indian rather cowed him and he was
disposed to reason the matter. "I'll take
one," said he, "certainly; I said so before;
I freeze to a good cigar, I'm one of the
smokers."*

Religion.

*Whatever of excellence is wrought into
the soul itself, belongs to both worlds.—
Real goodness does not attach itself merely
to life; it points to another world. Political
and professional fame cannot last forever,
but a conscience void of offence before
God and man, is an inheritance for eternity.
Religion, therefore, is a necessity, an al-
most indispensaible element in any human
character. There is no living without it.
Religion is the tie that connects man with
his Creator, and holds him to His throne.
If that tie is sundered or broken, he floats
away, a worthless atom in the universe, its
proper attractions all gone, its destiny
thwarted, and its whole future, nothing
but darkness, desolation and death. A
man with no sense of religious duty is he
whom the Scriptures describe—in so terse
but terrific manner—as "living without God
in the world." Such a man is out of his
proper being—out of the circle of all his
happiness, and away, far away from the pur-
poses of his creation.—Daniel Webster.*

*Winter is Coming.—The Cincinnati Co-
lumbian thus forcibly urges the subject
upon public attention in that city, and its
views are applicable here:*

*Yes, winter is coming, and with it winter
privileges, amusements, deprivations, en-
joyments and duties. Lectures, concerts and
exhibitions will offer the means of en-
joyment to the rich; cold winds, falling
snow, and biting frosts will bring suffering
to the poor. And how many this winter
will be unable to obtain the necessary ex-
tra clothing and household comforts required
by the inclemency of the season?—
These privations will work out of the line
of those who, as far as worldly wealth goes,
are in more favorable circumstances.*

*Let not the poor be forgotten, reader; but let
you be the open hand of charity, the sym-
pathizing heart, the language of compassion.*

*The poor were left to the followers of Him
who "had not where to lay his head."*

*"The poor ye have always with you," Let
the sacred duty be well discharged, so that
a good account of the stewardship Heaven
has committed to your charge may be
given.*

*Setting Accounts.—A gentleman intro-
duced an infidel friend to a minister, and
remarked that he never attended public
worship!*

*"Ah," said the minister, "I am almost
tempted to hope you are bearing false
witness against your neighbor."*

*"By no means," said the infidel, "for I
always spend Sunday in settling accounts."*

*"You will find, sir," was the minister's
immediate reply, "that the day of Judg-
ment will be spent in the same manner."*

*Death may sever the dearest ties that
bind you to earth, and leave you in fearful
darkness. That noble, manly heart, the sole
hope of your declining years, may be taken
from you, while your spirit clings to him,
with a wild tenacity, which even the shade
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to the conclusion that nobody was ever so
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very trial, bear adversity with fortitude, and
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fering. When your locks are white, your
eyes dim, and your limbs weary; when
your steps falter on the verge of Death's
gloomy vale, still retain the freshness and
the buoyancy of spirit, which will shield
you from the winter of the heart.*

*Yes," said F., "for I throw your pre-
scription out of a three story window."*

*Get up behind me," replied the man,
"and I will soon conduct you to the place
where you may see him."*

*Hodge, without any scruple, mounted;
but as they were riding along he put this
question to his companion:*

*"They tell me he's got power of lords
we'll him;—how may a body know which
is he?"*

*The king replied, that he would be able
to distinguish him by seeing that all his at-
tendants took off their hats, while he him-
self remained covered.*

*Soon after they joined the hunt, when all
the circle, as may well be expected, were
greatly surprised to see the king so oddly
attended. When they were arrived, he
majestically turning to the clown, asked him if
he could tell which was the king.*

*"I don't know," answered he, "but faith
it must be one of us, for we've both got
hats on."*

*"Say! I am glad to find you better," said
John Hunter, the famous surgeon, to F.,
the equally famous actor, one morning.*

"You followed my prescriptions, of course?"

"Indeed I did not, doctor," replied Sam,

"for I should have broken my neck!"

*"Broken your neck?" exclaimed Hunter,
in amazement.*

*"Yes," said F., "for I threw your pre-
scription out of a three story window."*

*An investor located being asked
by a sentimental young miss, why he
hadn't some fond one's company, in his
voyage on the ocean of life, replied, "I
would, if I were sure such an ocean would
be peaceful."*

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A Story of a Faithful Dog—Premonitory Warning.

*The following story is said by the Port-
smouth Chronicle, to be derived, as to all
its facts, from a most respectable Quaker
family, whose veracity cannot be doubted:*

*"About fifty years ago, in the western
part of the State of New York, lived a lonely*

widow, named Mozher. Her husband

had been dead many years, and her daughter

was very close work.

And thus the old lady lived alone in her

house day and night.

Yet in her consciousness of her

innocence and trust in Providence,

she felt safe and cheerful—did her work quietly

during the daylight, and at evening slept

sweetly.

"One morning, however, she awoke with

an extraordinary and unaccounted gloom upon

*her mind, which was impelled by the ap-
prehension that something strange was*

about to happen to her or hers. So full

was she of this thought that she could not

stay at home that day, but must go abroad

to give vent to it by unloading herself to her

friends, especially to her daughter.

"She had been dressed in her best black,

with a most religious looking

array. A handsome talma cloak hung

gracefully over his shoulders, while his

hands of most noble blooded symmetry,

enclosed in spotless and delicately-colored

"kids," rested tranquilly on his lap. The

daughter could not help admiring the

admirable model of those hands.

On drawing near the Chinese entrance

to the Fair Grounds, our fair informant

felt something stirring

THE ADAMS SENTINEL AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

TERRIBLE CONFLICT!

Still Later from Europe.

In our last number we gave the Canada's news from London to the 11th Nov., and, trending down on its heels, we have on Monday last English news by the Baltic to the 14th, bringing intelligence of the most exciting interest. We give it in the words of the Telegraphic Reporters:

"The report from the Cruises of the masses of the English light cavalry under Lord Cardigan is mainly confirmed. They charged a Russian battery of thirty guns and lost four hundred killed. Only two hundred returned."

"Since this affair there has been incessant and most sanguinary fighting. The Allied armies are almost over-matched, and most urgent requests have been sent home for immediate relief and fresh reinforcements."

"Fifty thousand Frenchmen are to be instantly sent, and every available steamer is taken up at England; including the Europa, Algo, Indiana, New York, and others, to hurry forward the much-needed relief to the Crimea."

"On the 4th of November there was a most sanguinary engagement, and on the 5th a terrible combat, including a sortie and general assault upon the Allied army, by the Russian under-Prince Menschikoff. The battle lasted from daybreak till 4 o'clock, P. M. Both sides claimed the victory. The English took some hundred prisoners. The Russians stormed several batteries and silenced their guns. The Czar's two sons were in the battle. The loss of the Allies is set down at 5,000 men, and the loss of the Russians at 8,000 men."

"On the following day the battle was resumed by the Russians, but the result is not known."

"The Allies were preparing to storm the forts before the Russians should have time to recover their losses, a practical breach having been effected in their lines."

"Charles Kemble, the distinguished actor, is dead. He was seventy-nine years of age."

The last Great Battle on the 5th of Nov.

"There is little to add as yet to the accounts briefly given by telegraph of the last great battle before Sebastopol on the 5th inst., in which it appears sixty thousand Russians and fifty thousand Anglo-French troops were engaged, and where it is said eight thousand Russians and five thousand of the allied troops were placed hors-de-combat, the allies claiming the victory."

"This sanguinary battle lasted till four in the afternoon, and it was decided by each that there were severe losses on both sides, and the English took many hundred prisoners."

(From the Liverpool Times, Nov. 16.)

"The Crimean intelligence contained in our second edition of yesterday, may be considered as decisive. It is the forerunner of the immediate fall of Sebastopol, or victory of the siege by the allied commanders.—The loss of 5,000 French and British troops on the 5th, the partial raising of the siege on the previous day for the purpose of concentration, and the general engagement of the 6th, must have sealed the fate of the fortress or the besiegers. If the allies repulsed the double attack made on their front and rear on the 5th, the Russian commanders must have lost all hopes of success and can only think of continuing the struggle with a view of sacrificing human life. If, on the other hand, we lost as many men on the 6th as we did on the preceding day, our forces must have retired to the heights of Balaklava, where they may possibly be able to await the arrival of reinforcements."

"A force of 20,000 men posted on the hills south of Sebastopol may withstand all the assaults of the combined forces of the enemy, so long as they can keep open their communications with the allied fleets."

The War.

The Charge at Balaklava and Dreadful Slaughter of English Troops.

"An English dragoon, writing from the camp at Balaklava, under date of October 27, after stating that there is a large Russian army in that vicinity endeavoring to get into Sebastopol and that they (the allies) are situated there to keep them back, says:

"We are in the saddle night and day. I cannot tell how long it is since I was undressed; I only know that it has been so long that I have forgotten it. The worse affair we had was the day before yesterday. At daybreak the enemy appeared and advanced, and in such numbers that they took from the flanks two of their batteries and turned the guns upon us. We were obliged to retreat out of the range of their guns, and this so elated the enemy that they actually had courage enough to come into the open field with us. Three regiments of their cavalry tried to gain possession of the Highlanders (23rd) position, and charged them, but they had no time to repeat, for they went down like corn. What was left of them turned and fled, and we pursued them over their own hills. Here they were pursued by three more regiments of cavalry, including the 1st and 2nd crack Imperial Guards. They were the Greys and First Royals up at this time, and we charged them—they had nothing else for it, as they charged at the same time. Oh, God! I cannot describe it; they were so superior in numbers that they 'outranked' us, and we were in the middle, but the loss is sufficiently fearful. Thirty-four officers were killed, wounded and missing. Captain Nolan was one of the first killed. He was shot through the heart. The error has been laid upon his shoulders, but he is now, alas, unable to reply to it, but he entertained the opinion that cavalry, properly officered, could accomplish anything possible to troops, and there may be some truth in the opinion that he gave an interpretation to the order he bore to Lord Cardigan, which it did not admit of, in the hope that the arm of service of which he entertained so high an opinion should perform some brilliant exploit, proving its capability to equal to those he had claimed for it."

"I never certainly felt less fear in my life than I did at that time, and I hope God will forgive me, for I felt more like a devil than a man. We fought our way out of them as only Englishmen can fight; and, the 4th, 5th and 6th were above up with us."

"I escaped without a scratch, thank God, though I was covered with blood; my horse was not even wounded; but, oh! the work of slaughter that then began—was truly awful, but I suppose it was necessary."

"We set them down like sheep, and they did not seem to have power to resist."

"The plain is covered with dead Russians, and of course we left some of our poor comrade on the field. We only lost two, and about seven wounded. Well when we had finished this lot, we straight of going home, and had some time to eat, but no; they (the enemy) had some guns over the hills, that fired at us, and we were obliged to charge and retreat at any cost. So we went again. They received us very quietly, and their general, Lord Lonsdale, having the 1st Hussars, and Lord Cardigan the 2nd. It made the light of day, and down the gunners, and then,

when they thought all was right, they were met by thousands of Cossacks, who had been in ambush."

"The Royals, the Greys, the 4th, 5th and 6th, now charged again. The butchering was repeating, when suddenly a cross front and rear fire opened upon us from the hills—cannon, rifles, and file firing. I cannot attempt to describe to you the scene, that ensued—balls, shells, and rockets whizzing about our ears. The men on the right and left of me were both killed on the spot. We backed our way out of it as well as we could, but were obliged to leave the guns. Colver, York, had his leg broken, and all the officers in the front rank were wounded. The English brigade had lost many men, but had not lost one of the officers. The English brigade that went into the field, only 400 men came out; but this is nothing to what the Russians had."

"The English accounts of the action in the Crimea of the 5th of Nov. did not reach London until the 16th, owing to telegraphic interruptions. Lord Raglan says that the enemy, with an immense force, attacked at the dawn of the morning the right of the English position. The battle was extremely obstinate. It was not till past noon that the enemy was definitely repulsed. He was then forced to retreat, leaving the field covered with his dead. There were several hundred prisoners taken."

"The London Times, referring to the above massacre, gives the number of English troops that went into action, and the number returned, as follows:

Went into action. Returned.
6th Light Dragoons, 118 39
1st Hussars, 104 38
11th Hussars, 110 25
13th Light Dragoons, 130 61
17th Lancers, 145 35
— 607 193

Not three hours, but one quarter of an hour served to lay all these gallant followers, and over one hundred were have been cut off. It had not been for the heavy dragoons who charged as rapidly as they could in the track of the devoted "light." They, with the brave stand made by the Scotch Highlanders, and some assistance given by the French, certainly redeemed the day. After the action, it was resolved by the allies to abandon the position at Balaklava; and to retire to the hills overlooking the town, in which case the depot would have been established at Arrow Bay or Cherson."

Another Account of the Terrible Charge

—Sacrifice and Graphic.

In another letter, giving an account of the battle of Balaklava, we find the following graphic description, with other interesting statements:

"On the morning of the eighth day, that is, on the 25th of October, 20,000 Russians, under Gen. Lepesau, marched in Balaklava, which was defended by four redoubts, in which 2,000 Turks were placed. They were quickly, however, dispersed, and the English infantry and cavalry moved up to their support, too late, however, to prevent the Russians from obtaining possession of the redoubts, and turning the fire of the guns upon the English. The heavy brigade of cavalry, under Brigadier General Scarlett, greatly distinguished themselves—The 93 Highlanders and the Edinburghers, companion regiments in many a hard-fought field, attacked a very superior force of cavalry, whom they threw into the greatest confusion, and being supported by the 10th and 12th dragoons, succeeded in routing 2,500 Russian cavalry with but small loss."

"It was only in the after-part of the affair that, through some dreadful misconception, the light brigade, under Lord Lucan, were ordered to advance to prevent the Russians, who, having been unable to achieve their object, showed symptoms of retreating, taking the guns they had captured with them. One of the officers, who was accompanied with a battery, was aware that the use of cavalry in capturing guns is of service only when supported by infantry, so that when the gunners are driven out, their places may be occupied. It is the work of a moment, and the cavalry are away again for such further service as may be required. In the present instance, Captain Nolan, a cavalry officer of considerable merit, well known by the admirals pamphlet he has published upon the branch of the service to which he belonged, convened an order to Lord Lucan to advance with the light division on the redoubts, in face of the fire of 22,000 large guns, and an army in the background."

"Lord Lucan, perceiving the probable consequences of obeying such an order under the circumstances, could hardly comprehend it. 'Where are we to advance?' he naturally asked. 'There are the guns,' exclaimed Captain Nolan, 'it is your duty to take them.' Lord Lucan said no more. The shrill blast of the trumpet commanded the order, and out on the plain, in compact order, trotted the light dragoons, the 17th hussars, the 18th light dragoons, and the 17th lancers, in all, 607 men. Both officers and men were fully conscious of the utter and hopeless madness of such a movement, yet on they went, as proudly and orderly as at a review, Lord Cardigan and Lord Lucan leading. The trot was changed to a gallop, and on the cavalry swept, watched with a species of horror by thousands of soldiers on the height, who saw the mistake and predicted the consequences."

"On the cavalry coming within range thirty pieces of cannon belched forth flame and smoke, the cavalry disappeared in the smoke, gained the batteries and sabred the Russian artillery men; but they had ere this been decimated, and those who were left were opposed to an army in front of them, and a swarm of Russian cavalry, far outnumbering them, surrounded them, and in present utter desolation, the remnant of their way through the opposing cavalry, their horses were killed, wounded and missing. Captain Nolan was one of the first killed. He was shot through the heart. The error has been laid upon his shoulders, but he is now, alas, unable to reply to it, but he entertained the opinion that cavalry, properly officered, could accomplish anything possible to troops, and there may be some truth in the opinion that he gave an interpretation to the order he bore to Lord Cardigan, which it did not admit of, in the hope that the arm of service of which he entertained so high an opinion should perform some brilliant exploit, proving its capability to equal to those he had claimed for it."

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—Sacrifice and Graphic.

In another letter, giving an account of the battle of Balaklava, we find the following graphic description, with other interesting statements:

"On the morning of the eighth day, that is, on the 25th of October, 20,000 Russians, under Gen. Lepesau, marched in Balaklava, which was defended by four redoubts, in which 2,000 Turks were placed. They were quickly, however, dispersed, and the English infantry and cavalry moved up to their support, too late, however, to prevent the Russians from obtaining possession of the redoubts, and turning the fire of the guns upon the English. The heavy brigade of cavalry, under Brigadier General Scarlett, greatly distinguished themselves—The 93 Highlanders and the Edinburghers, companion regiments in many a hard-fought field, attacked a very superior force of cavalry, whom they threw into the greatest confusion, and being supported by the 10th and 12th dragoons, succeeded in routing 2,500 Russian cavalry with but small loss."

"It was only in the after-part of the affair that, through some dreadful misconception, the light brigade, under Lord Lucan, were ordered to advance to prevent the Russians, who, having been unable to achieve their object, showed symptoms of retreating, taking the guns they had captured with them. One of the officers, who was accompanied with a battery, was aware that the use of cavalry in capturing guns is of service only when supported by infantry, so that when the gunners are driven out, their places may be occupied. It is the work of a moment, and the cavalry are away again for such further service as may be required. In the present instance, Captain Nolan, a cavalry officer of considerable merit, well known by the admirals pamphlet he has published upon the branch of the service to which he belonged, convened an order to Lord Lucan to advance with the light division on the redoubts, in face of the fire of 22,000 large guns, and an army in the background."

"Lord Lucan, perceiving the probable consequences of obeying such an order under the circumstances, could hardly comprehend it. 'Where are we to advance?' he naturally asked. 'There are the guns,' exclaimed Captain Nolan, 'it is your duty to take them.' Lord Lucan said no more. The shrill blast of the trumpet commanded the order, and out on the plain, in compact order, trotted the light dragoons, the 17th hussars, the 18th light dragoons, and the 17th lancers, in all, 607 men. Both officers and men were fully conscious of the utter and hopeless madness of such a movement, yet on they went, as proudly and orderly as at a review, Lord Cardigan and Lord Lucan leading. The trot was changed to a gallop, and on the cavalry swept, watched with a species of horror by thousands of soldiers on the height, who saw the mistake and predicted the consequences."

"On the cavalry coming within range thirty pieces of cannon belched forth flame and smoke, the cavalry disappeared in the smoke, gained the batteries and sabred the Russian artillery men; but they had ere this been decimated, and those who were left were opposed to an army in front of them, and a swarm of Russian cavalry, far outnumbering them, surrounded them, and in present utter desolation, the remnant of their way through the opposing cavalry, their horses were killed, wounded and missing. Captain Nolan was one of the first killed. He was shot through the heart. The error has been laid upon his shoulders, but he is now, alas, unable to reply to it, but he entertained the opinion that cavalry, properly officered, could accomplish anything possible to troops, and there may be some truth in the opinion that he gave an interpretation to the order he bore to Lord Cardigan, which it did not admit of, in the hope that the arm of service of which he entertained so high an opinion should perform some brilliant exploit, proving its capability to equal to those he had claimed for it."

"I never certainly felt less fear in my life than I did at that time, and I hope God will forgive me, for I felt more like a devil than a man. We fought our way out of them as only Englishmen can fight; and, the 4th, 5th and 6th were above up with us."

"I escaped without a scratch, thank God, though I was covered with blood; my horse was not even wounded; but, oh! the work of slaughter that then began—was truly awful, but I suppose it was necessary."

"We set them down like sheep, and they did not seem to have power to resist."

"The plain is covered with dead Russians, and of course we left some of our poor comrade on the field. We only lost two, and about seven wounded. Well when we had

finished this lot, we straight of going home, and had some time to eat, but no; they (the enemy) had some guns over the hills, that fired at us, and we were obliged to charge and retreat at any cost. So we went again. They received us very quietly, and their general, Lord Lonsdale, having the 1st Hussars, and Lord Cardigan the 2nd. It made the light of day, and down the gunners, and then,

when they thought all was right, they were met by thousands of Cossacks, who had been in ambush."

"The Royals, the Greys, the 4th, 5th and 6th, now charged again. The butchering was repeating, when suddenly a cross front and rear fire opened upon us from the hills—cannon, rifles, and file firing. I cannot attempt to describe to you the scene, that ensued—balls, shells, and rockets whizzing about our ears. The men on the right and left of me were both killed on the spot. We backed our way out of it as well as we could, but were obliged to leave the guns. Colver, York, had his leg broken, and all the officers in the front rank were wounded. The English brigade had lost many men, but had not lost one of the officers. The English brigade that went into the field, only 400 men came out; but this is nothing to what the Russians had."

"The English accounts of the action in the Crimea of the 5th of Nov. did not reach London until the 16th, owing to telegraphic interruptions. Lord Raglan says that the enemy, with an immense force, attacked at the dawn of the morning the right of the English position. The battle was extremely obstinate. It was not till past noon that the enemy was definitely repulsed. He was then forced to retreat, leaving the field covered with his dead. There were several hundred prisoners taken."

"The London Times, referring to the above massacre, gives the number of English troops that went into action, and the number returned, as follows:

Went into action. Returned.
6th Light Dragoons, 118 39
1st Hussars, 104 38
11th Hussars, 110 25
13th Light Dragoons, 130 61
17th Lancers, 145 35
— 607 193

Not three hours, but one quarter of an hour served to lay all these gallant followers, and over one hundred were have been cut off. It had not been for the heavy dragoons who charged as rapidly as they could in the track of the devoted "light." They, with the brave stand made by the Scotch Highlanders, and some assistance given by the French, certainly redeemed the day. After the action, it was resolved by the allies to abandon the position at Balaklava; and to retire to the hills overlooking the town, in which case the depot would have been established at Arrow Bay or Cherson."

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THE ADAMS SENTINEL AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

Let the word be once passed that the Tariff (in substance) of 1812 would speedily supersede that of '46, and there is not a square mile of the whole country which would not feel the impulse of returning prosperity. Stocks and bonds would rise. Losses on good security would once more be negotiable. Real estate would have a cash value once more. Mills, Factories, and Machinery would once more be in request. We should have the pleasure of advertising once more that mechanics or laborers are wanted in this or that locality, to relieve the present dreary columns of places wanted with next to nobody wanting men. Hope would be revived, confidence renewed, by a simple assurance that we were to make our own Wares and Fabrics again, instead of continuing to plunge deeper and deeper in debt for them.

The whole country is now suffering because of the false policy which triumphed in '46, and all should unite in reversing it.

The New York "Vitriol" Outrage.

A man named Theodore H. Gray has been arrested in New York on the charge of having been engaged in throwing vitriol on the dresses of the ladies on leaving the theatres and places of amusement at night.

The Express says:

The Hon. Riverby Johnson returned home in the steamer Baltic, after a brief visit to London, on professional business. A letter dated London, Nov. 11, says:

"The Hon. Riverby Johnson returns in the Baltic, having won a chapter of laurels for himself, and entitled to all the Legislative and Executive appointments, from which a most desirable one may be selected. Let us have a seat, seat and abode, but not extravagance and luxury, as early a period as possible."

Sandwich Islands.

The "Journal of Commerce" does not

mention the annexation of the Sandwich Islands.

"The fact (it says) that they are

not in possession of a strong Power, and

that they are open to the ships of all na-

tions on terms of equality, should satisfy

the people of the United States.

In our judgment that is precisely the relation they

should occupy in the eyes of the world.

It would be the duty of the United States

to protest against the acquisition of this

group by any other nation, as it is the

interest of other nations to prevent its acquisition

by us. These islands are as necessary

to the commerce of other communities as they

are to our own. The selflessness which

seeks to obtain them for our exclusive pur-

pose may cost more than we suppose.

If the option of taking them for nothing, in pre-

ference to allowing them to remain as they

are, were offered to the country, we believe

that the true interest of the United States

would best be consulted by refusing to re-

ceive them; but to pay \$300,000 per an-

num to the King as long as he lived, and a like sum to his successor as long as he lived,

for two volcanoes and a hundred thousand natives, would be the extreme of folly, especially as, if we attempt to hold

them exclusively, we might purchase a con-

tract with the other powers of the world."

A Novel Law Suit.—A suit at law, of

somewhat a romantic character, has just

terminated in Franklin county.

It seems that one John Loscher became pierced

with the arrow of Cupid, and wishing to heal

the wound by the application of lateral wed-

lock, he made proposals to the object of his

affection, which it seems, she received

favorably; but the father, Mr. Jacob Weyl,

being a prudent man in much foresight, re-

quired the said John to enter into bonds of

some hundred dollars, "conditioned that he

should live with his wife, and treat her as

a living and affectionate husband—so do it."

It is the parties, after

living together some months, separated, and

this suit was brought to recover the amount

of the bond. The case was first tried at the

April term of the Franklin Court, when

Judge Klemm decided the bond to be inva-

lid. The case was carried to the Supreme

Court, and it was there decided that the

bond was "good and valid, and in accordance

with the policy of the law." The

case, therefore, came up again in the Frank-

lin County Court, when the Jury found for

the Plaintiff for \$70,75.

The result of this suit may give a valuable

suggestion to anxious fathers whose

daughters are sought as partners in the

world, who were probably drawn in. In all

other respects, this young man is entirely

sound, and industrious, and works at the jew-

eler's trade with constancy and attention.

Sarsaparilla Movement.—The New York

Journal of Commerce gives a description of

the new police residence of Dr. S. P. Town-

send, the "original" sarsaparilla man, on

the corner of Fifth avenue and 31st street.

It has a chapel, gymnasium, picture gal-

lery, &c. The entire cost of the building

and ground is estimated at \$200,000; the

contract for stone is about \$30,000; fresco-

painting \$6,000; plastering \$4,000 to \$10,000, and the carpenter's contract is

about \$50,000. It is such extravagance as

that makes these the much vaunted Cri-

mean affairs sink into insignificance, in

point of desperation. At Alma the Rus-

sians had some 40,000 men engaged against

an equal force of the allies, by whom they

were driven from their position, though

they were considered impregnable, the victors

sustaining a loss of 2,500 men. At

Churubusco, the Mexicans inflicted a loss

of 1,000 upon the 8,000 Americans en-

gaged; and at Melo del Rey, where

Worth had but little over 3,000 troops in

all, he lost nearly 300 men in less than an

hour. At the same rate, the Americans under

St. Armand, and Reglan, in the battle upon

the Alma, should have lost something like

15,000 men, provided they had 50,000 en-

gaged.

Monkey Uprising of Cholera.—It is sta-

ted that the monkeys in the neighborhood

of Trinidad are dying in great numbers of

the cholera. Persons who have passed

through the woods report that hundreds are

to be seen lying dead on the ground, where

they have fallen from the trees. It is said

the same thing was observed while the

small pox epidemic prevailed in Trinid-

ad, the monkeys dying of that disease in equal-

ly large numbers.

Two Houses Built from one Tree.—The

Humboldt (Cal.) Times tells of a tree in

that country which furnished lumber enough

to build two two story houses, each fifty feet

square, furnishing all the timber, plank,

boards and shingles, necessary for the pur-

pose.

Brutality Local.—The following

shows the wealth of thirteen families that

live in Stuyvesant Square, in New York

city:—

Hamilton Fish, ex-Governor and Sena-

tor, \$2,000,000; Thomas Morton, (retired

merchant,) \$1,250,000; Nicholas W. Stuy-

vesant, \$800,000; Peter Stuyvesant, \$200,-

000; George W. Shields, (retired from mer-

chant,) \$300,000; Wm. W. Winsor, (re-

tired grocer,) \$150,000; John Mortimer

Catlin, \$200,000; Family of Madam Day,

(lost on Arctic,) \$200,000; Gerard Stuy-

vesant, \$500,000; Benjamin R. Winthrop,

do.; widow of Peter G. Stuyvesant, do.;

widow of N. W. Stuyvesant, Sr., do.; Rob-

ert Cheeseman, do.; Samuel C. Paxson,

\$200,000; Thomas Crane, do.; David B.

Koeler, \$350,000; Lewis L. Squier, \$150,-

000. Total wealth of the 13 families, \$7,-

000,000.

Some estimate of the wealth of the Stuy-

vesants' says the New York Sun, may be

gathered from the circumstance that at a

recent family gathering (nuptial) at the

house of Nicholas W. Stuyvesant, Esq.,

more than five millions of dollars were re-

presented.

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